

Pictures and Stories
OF
NATURAL HISTORY

DOMESTIC

ANIMALS



with
ILLUSTRATIONS





THE ARAB HORSE.

PICTURES AND STORIES
OF
NATURAL HISTORY.

DOMESTIC ANIMALS.

WITH FIFTEEN ILLUSTRATIONS.

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DOMESTIC ANIMALS.

Introduction.

THE love of animals is generally strong in good children. When men and women, or boys and girls, are unkind to the dumb creatures which God has created for our use or for our pleasure, we may be quite sure that there is something very wrong with their own hearts.

A great deal may be learned by noticing the habits of animals; we shall find that they are among the most wonderful works of God.

There is implanted within each one that strong power which we call *instinct*—an impulse which teaches each creature how to

protect itself and how to secure the food suited to its wants.

It is instinct which leads the savage lion and tiger to prowl in places where they are likely to find prey; it is the same instinct which makes the domestic cat a patient watcher by the hole behind which a little mouse has hidden himself; and, alas! excites her to dart up the tall trees after the birds, or to take an opportunity of devouring some pet canary that has been tamed to fly about a room.

But in those animals which we call *domestic*—meaning that they are docile and tame, and have become the friends or servants of men—there is a kind of *reason*, as well as this strong natural instinct. It is, as we have just said, the strong impulse of the cat to catch mice and birds; but she may be taught by reason to understand that if she does so she will be punished: and thus it is that we sometimes see the so-called “Happy Family,” or large travelling-cage, drawn about the streets of London and other cities, in which cats, birds, and mice live happily together.

A great many books have been written about animals and their wonderful habits and instincts. This little volume is given entirely to a description of those with which we are most familiar in our homes, in our farm-yards, or in the green meadows.

THE HORSE.



IN some countries in the East, and away in the far west of America, the horse runs wild.

In those regions he is found in herds of many thousands in number, and may be seen running in wild freedom over the plains.

The domestic horse is a noble, useful animal. He is gentle, and willing to work. He is not made to destroy or to hurt, but to be useful to man. He never takes the life of any other animal for his food ; for he feeds on grass, hay, and corn.

The horse loves his master, and soon learns to know him. A story is told of a soldier who had a favourite horse, that never seemed so happy as when his master was on his back.

Then he was all life, and full of spirit. At last, in a terrible battle his master was killed. He dropped from his horse, and his body was found some days afterwards with the faithful animal still standing beside it.

During that long time the horse had never left the body of his master. Without food or water, he had stood over it, scaring away the birds of prey. Was not he a noble animal?

Here is another story:—

An old soldier was one day passing along a street in London. All at once he was seen to stop, and stand looking at a horse on the other side of the street. “I know him! I know him!” cried he, as he crossed to the other side. “It is my own old horse. Dear old fellow!”

The horse seemed to know the voice. He laid back his ears, and pushed his nose against the hand that stroked him so kindly.

After a few moments the soldier put his hand into his pocket, and as he did so he said, “Yes, he shall have it, though it were my last penny! I have enough to buy him a feed of corn.”

Away he went to bring it, and in a few minutes he came back with the corn, and stood kindly feeding the horse with his own hand.

After staying beside him for some time, he asked where the stable of the horse was, that he might go and see him again some other day.

He then went his way, saying to the horse's master as he left, "Be good to him, poor fellow, and use him well."

It was a beautiful sight, and no wonder that some little boys who stood near cried out, Hurrah! when they saw the soldier's kindness to his old friend.

It was a lesson on kindness to animals which they would not soon forget.

THE ARAB HORSE.



YOU have read in the Bible of people dwelling in tents. The Arabs live in tents now, and they are just like the people the Bible tells us about.

The Arab would not be happy if he were made to stay long in one place. So a tent suits him better than a house. He can set it up where he likes; and when he is tired of living there, he can take it down again, and carry it off somewhere else.

If he is rich, he has plenty of flocks and herds to drive before him; and he has camels to carry his tents and his goods. But what he loves and values more than them all is his horse.

In the picture the Arab is standing by his horse, and just going to mount.

His horse can carry him a great many miles without stopping. And he seems as fond of going about as his master is.

An Arab once was so fond of riding, that he spent three or four weeks on horseback ! He would gallop off from his tent a dozen times a day, make a long circuit, and come back again. He would ride with his spear in his hand, and his robe flying behind him in the wind.

His horse did not seem at all tired with those gallops. And when he came back to the tent, he would paw the ground, and want to be off again as soon as his master would let him.

The Arab looks upon his horse as his best friend. When the little foal is born, the Arab takes it in his arms. He will nurse and cherish it, as if it were a baby, till it gets strong enough to stand. Then he sets it on the ground, and watches it as it totters about and tries to walk. As it grows older it is left to run about in the tent, like a dog. The children make a great fuss with it, and are very fond of it indeed. The women feed it

with camel's milk, and take care of it. They would not part with it for any money.

The horse, as you may think, grows up to be very fond of his master, and will never fail him. If he is in danger, the horse will put forth all his strength, and gallop so fast that nothing can overtake him.

The Arab could not hunt the ostrich if it were not for his horse. None but an Arab horse is swift enough or strong enough for that work.

The ostrich is the great bird of the desert. It is taller than a man, and its long legs can take very wide strides. As it runs, its wings help it along, though they are too small to fly with. It gets over the ground so fast, that if it ran in a straight line not even the Arab horse would have any chance of catching it. But instead of running in a straight line, it keeps going from one side to the other. The horse all the while gallops along, without turning to the right or to the left; so that he keeps getting nearer and nearer to the ostrich. At last the ostrich gets tired, and hides its head in the sand. Then the Arab can take it.

Its fine feathers are what he wants; and they are sent to England for the ladies to wear in their hats and bonnets.

And besides the ostrich, the Arab hunts the giraffe. This is very hard work indeed. And if the horse were not very strong, he could not do it. Sometimes the giraffe will bound away to a rock or a mountain. He can climb as well as a goat can, and the horse cannot follow him. Then the giraffe gets away. But if it is on level ground, the horse will never give up the chase. He will press on, without food or rest, till he has run down the poor giraffe.

The Arab is so fond of his horse that he will very seldom part with him. An Englishman was once on his travels in the desert. He wanted an Arab horse, and he told an Arab if he would sell his horse he would give him a great deal of money. The Arab only laughed and rode away.

You perhaps think he must have been rich, to refuse so much money. But no such thing! All he had in the world was his horse!

THE PONY.



SOME little people fancy that the pretty gray or white or brown ponies they admire so much will by-and-by grow up to be horses. This is a very great mistake.

However old it may be, a pony will never be anything but a pony ; it is natural to it to remain small of size.

The Shetland ponies are very tiny creatures ; but they are both spirited and strong. Some of them are not bigger than a huge dog, and can be carried upstairs and taken into the children's nursery ; yet if ridden or driven, it will not be an easy matter to hold the wild little animal in with the rein.

The Welsh ponies are not so small ; but they are very useful, and very strong. If you



THE PONY.

travel among the villages of Wales, you will constantly meet the sturdy animals coming cautiously down the steep mountainous roads. Sometimes you may meet a pony with one of the country-women seated on its back among her market-baskets, and her hands busy with her knitting, because the pony needs no guidance and knows its way so well.

There was a Welsh pony named Taffy, that belonged to an old lady who spoiled him exceedingly, and was almost afraid to give him any work to do. Taffy grew fat and lazy, and very cunning also. Every day he had to take his mistress a drive in a small pony carriage; which was a very light burden for his strength. But as soon as she had got a short distance, Taffy began to cough terribly; and the kind lady was so sorry for him that she turned towards home directly. As this happened every day, month after month, and as it was seen that the instant his head was turned towards home Taffy ceased coughing, and trotted off in the liveliest manner, it was decided to be an artful trick for saving himself work.

Another pony named Bob was very clever

in slipping his head from the halter and escaping from his stall through the open stable door, by which he could reach the kitchen garden, and so help himself to apples. He would go as quietly as he could, and was sometimes observed turning his head cautiously, to make sure that he was not followed.

Ponies are not only clever but very loving and very useful. They like to be petted, and will be pleased if their young friends give them bread or sugar from their hands. They like carrots, too, very much; and a tired pony has been seen to run along with fresh spirits by some one going a little before holding out a piece of his favourite vegetable to coax him over a bit of steep or rough road. They become so much attached to their owners that they have been observed to be most unhappy when they went to a new home. A pony which had been a gift to a boy, seemed to know when its young master died, and drooped its head sorrowfully for many a long day; it used to turn and listen as if waiting for the well-known step and voice which would never be heard again.

It is quite sad sometimes to see the cruelty with which ponies are treated, the heavy loads they are made to draw, and the rough blows which are dealt out to them when they are working as hard as they can. Unkindness to animals must be very displeasing in the sight of Him who created them ; and it is a certain sign of a bad disposition in either a child or a man.

T H E A S S.



THE poor ass generally leads a very hard life, and is often seen carrying too heavy a burden.

It is thought by most people to be a very stupid animal ; but this is not the case.

It is stubborn because it is very often ill treated. When well treated, it shows itself to be one of the cleverest of domestic animals.

It well repays any kindness shown to it, and becomes very fond of its master.

It soon learns to be familiar with children, and will let several of them ride on its back together.

A story is told of an ass that was attacked in a field by a fierce bull-dog.

The dog sprang at the poor donkey, and



tried to bite it; but the ass seized him with its teeth.

The dog tried in vain to escape; for the donkey held him fast, and carried him across the field to the river side, and there plunged him into the water! The dog never tried to meddle with the ass again.

A bundle of dry grass, or a few thistles from the road-side, with a drink of water from the brook, serves for its daily meal.

In eastern countries the ass is found in a wild state. It is celebrated for its swiftness. On hilly or rocky ground, neither horse nor dog can overtake it.

It lives in troops among the hills, coming down to the plains in the winter months, and returning again when summer begins.

THE CAMEL.

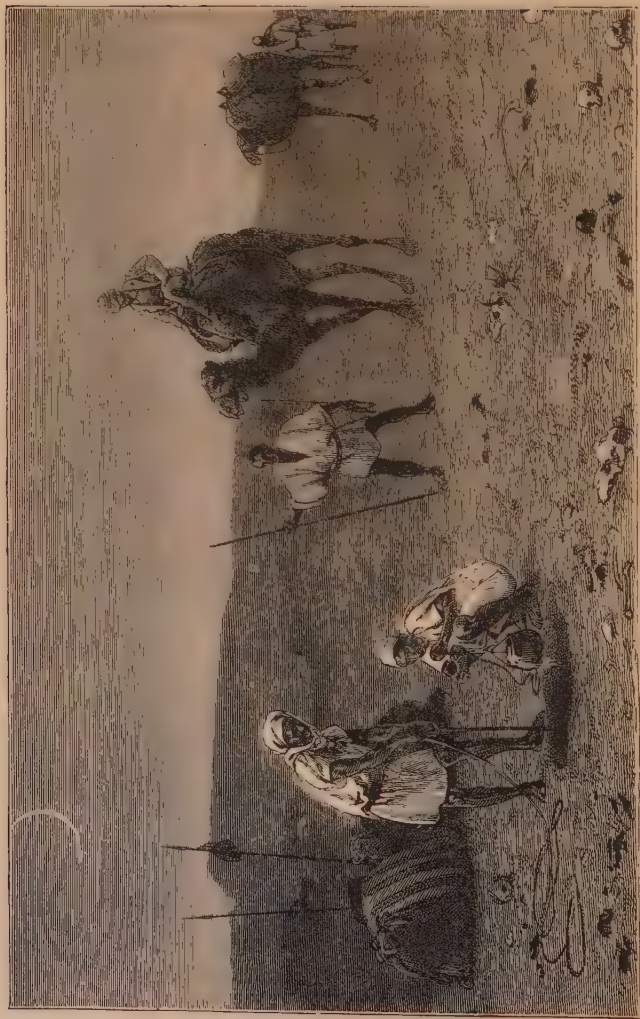


GOD has made the Camel so that he can live in the desert.

The desert is a great sandy plain, that reaches many hundred miles. The sand is very hot, for the burning sun shines all day upon it.

It would scorch your feet to walk upon the hot sand. But the camel's feet are made on purpose, and it does not hurt them at all.

Sometimes the wind rises in the desert, and whirls the sand round and round in the air. The men lie down on their faces, and try to keep the sand out of their mouths and out of their noses. The camel is better off than they are. He can shut his nose quite tight—so tight that not a bit of sand can get in !



IN THE DESERT.

Water is very scarce in the desert. The wells of water are so far apart, that men sometimes die of thirst as they go from one well to another. But the camel can go many days without drinking; and I can tell you how it is. He has a cistern in his stomach, and he fills it with water. This keeps the camel from being thirsty.

And he can smell water a very long way off. When the men have drunk up all the water they carry with them, they think they must die of thirst. No well is to be seen, and they don't know where to find one. But the camel pricks up his ears, and sniffs with his nose in the air, as if he smelt something. He jogs on a little faster, and a little faster still. The men do not try to stop him. They think that he smells water; and so it is. There is a well, miles away in the distance, and the camel is making his way to it. There the poor thirsty people can drink as much as they like.

Perhaps it is night when they get to the well, and the camel is turned loose to get his own supper. He will eat the nice bit of grass

that grows near the water. But he is not dainty, and if there is no grass, he makes his supper on the plants that live in the sand, and that are all over prickles and spikes.

The men would not think such plants were of any use, if they did not see the camel eat them. The Arabs like dates much better.

The tree that yields dates is called the date-palm. The dates are nice to eat : they are as good to the Arab as bread is to us.

The camel is taught to carry a heavy load ; and I will tell you how. When he is quite a little camel, his master makes him kneel down once every day. Then he puts a weight upon his back, and makes him get up again. He goes on doing this every day, and every day he puts a greater weight upon the camel's back. When the camel is grown up, his back has got used to burdens, and he can carry a very great load.

All the time the camel is being loaded he makes a noise, as if he would complain of his hard lot. He knows just how much he can carry. If his master puts a little too much upon him, he will not get up until some of

the load is taken off. Then he will get up and set off with good-will, and be patient and happy, let his hardships be what they will.

The Arab does not drive his camel with a whip. Instead of that, he sings a song; and the camel is so pleased with the music that he quickens his pace, and goes as fast as he can.

The hair of the camel falls off once a year; and the Arab uses it to make clothing of. You have read in the Bible that John the Baptist had "his raiment of camel's hair," when he was in the desert.

There are two kinds of camels. The Arab's camel has one hump, and is called by a very long name. He is called a Dromedary, and is more used to ride upon than to carry burdens. The other camel has two humps. He cannot go so fast, but he can carry a greater weight upon his back.

THE BULL.



THE very name of this animal brings to mind the idea of something fierce, something to be avoided in our rambles in the fields, for we have heard so many accounts of the attacks of bulls upon those who had no wish to tease and molest them. Seen at a safe distance they are very handsome creatures, with bright and prominent eyes and finely-arched necks. The Devonshire bull is one of the best kind.

We have all read of the cruel bull-fights in Spain, where a crowd of people will assemble to witness the conflict between the savage animal and a horse or a man. Even ladies go to these fights and applaud ; and not one of the on-lookers seems to return shocked and saddened by the sight. Sunday afternoon is

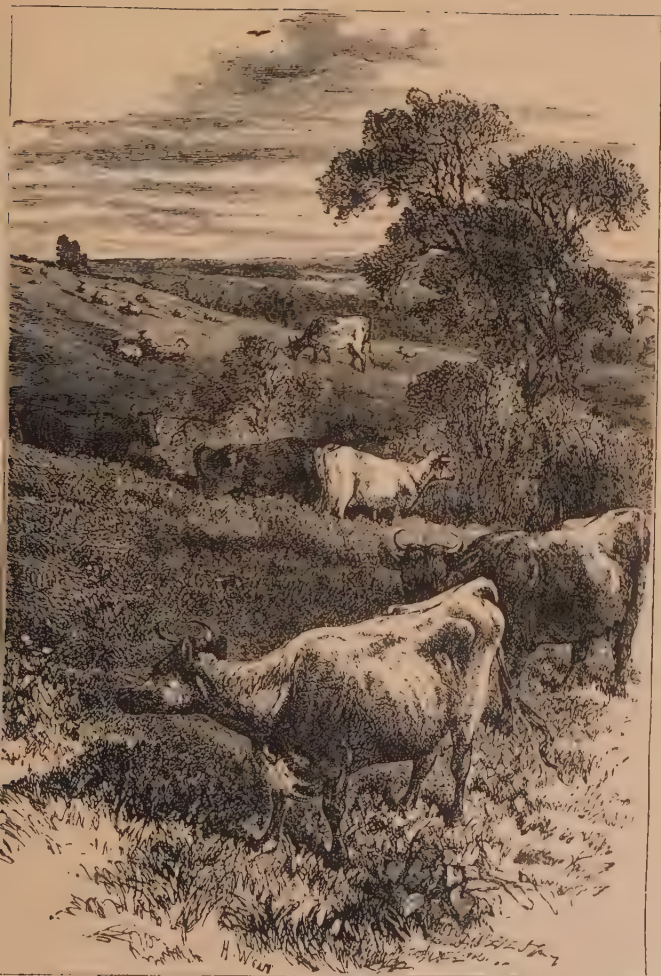
the usual time for these shameful exhibitions ; and the highest and noblest of the land may be seen there, for it is a national amusement. Happily we have nothing of the kind in England ; and cruelty to animals is punished when found out, while all pastimes which belonged to the days of barbarism have been long ago forbidden.

It is said that the bull has a great dislike to anything which is of a red colour, and that to wave such a thing before his eyes is a certain way of provoking his fury. Because they are so fierce, bulls are not driven loose as are the cows and oxen ; when they have to be taken from one place to another they are kept under control by cords and carefully guarded, otherwise there might be some sad accidents. If in such a case the strong creature were to succeed in getting loose, he would be so furious with fright and anger that the people in the streets would run here and there seeking shelter and raising the cry, “ A mad bull ! ” Even powerful men have been tossed into the air and gored by their cruel horns.

THE COW.

AS I do not know what we should do without milk and cream, and the cheese and butter which are made from them, I suppose the cow must be considered the most useful of all our domestic animals. It is a gentle creature, and very fond of its young ones; it has even been known to carry them to a safe hiding-place, lest they might be taken away.

The cow is very fond of the sound of music, and in some countries the women always sing during the process of milking, so that the animal may stand quite patiently and still. Cows have even been seen to leave a grassy common on which they were feeding, and gather round a band of children whose fresh young voices were giving out some pretty melody. England produces a very large



THE COW.

number of cows ; in Cheshire alone there are said to be one hundred thousand.

The ox is as useful as the female animal ; for its flesh gives us the best beef, its fat is melted into tallow and thus makes candles, its skin is tanned for our boots and shoes, and from its horns cups and combs and the handles of knives can be produced. Then, too, its hair is mixed with the mortar which is wanted for building houses, its gristle is manufactured into glue, and oil for cleaning harness is made from some of its smaller bones, while the larger ones are ground into manure for the garden.

Oxen are tame and gentle enough unless they are teased : it will be dangerous for any one who treats them badly to come within reach of their horns. There is one kind of ox which the Hindus treat as a sacred animal, not allowing it to do any common work nor to be killed for food. In England and some other countries oxen are often seen drawing the plough, sometimes harnessed to waggons, and sometimes drawing wood, for they are very strong.



Both cows and oxen are found in almost every part of the world, helping in these different ways to serve and benefit mankind; but the cattle of Great Britain are finer than those of other countries. In Scotland there is a particular race of black cattle which is thought to be the same in character as the breed which was known in our island at the time of its invasion by Julius Cæsar. The Normandy and Brittany cows are small in size, but give a large quantity of rich milk. They generally wear a bell, which rings pleasantly as they come down to the streams to drink.



THE CALF.



WHEN spring-time comes, and the pretty golden buttercups bloom in the meadows, we see the playful calf bounding along by its mother's side. Every one loves the gentle little creature, for it is never fierce or angry with any one. The poor cow will never willingly leave it, and when it is taken from her she gives many a mournful "moo," and seeks for it everywhere.

The flesh of the calf is called veal, and as many people are fond of this meat, the little animal must be killed by the butcher; but otherwise it is left to grow up into an ox or a cow. The skin of the calf makes a strong kind of leather which is used for binding books; it is one of the best and most costly bindings which are used.

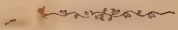
Many hundred years ago, the people of Egypt used to worship this little creature, perhaps because it was so valuable and because they knew no better.

You cannot have forgotten, also, that in those far-off days, when the children of Israel were wandering in the desert, they made Aaron set up a golden calf, before which they knelt down in worship, while Moses was up on the mountain top listening to the voice of the Almighty. It was very wicked of them to do so, for they knew much better than the people of Egypt; and therefore God was angry with them.

There are some persons who think it cruel to kill animals for food; but though we do not like to think of a pretty calf being taken to the butcher's, it is certain that all these creatures were given us for our use, and that if they were every one allowed to live we should fare very ill indeed. Besides this, the world would be quite too full of them.

Still, the children at a farm-house grieve when the gentle brown-eyed calf disappears and their daily visits to it are over.

THE GOAT.



THE goat has a long beard and long horns. It has also strong limbs, and can climb steep hills where neither cows nor sheep would venture to go.

The hoof of the goat is so formed that it does not slip on the rocks.

In some countries goats are kept in large flocks, and children tend them on the mountains.

In Switzerland, as you travel along the valleys, you can see the goats away far above you on the hills, where they look like little white specks.

The children who tend the flocks follow them along from rock to rock.

Little bells are sometimes hung round the necks of the goats; and by the tinkling of



GOATS IN SWITZERLAND.

these bells the children soon find any goat which gets hid among the rocks.

The flesh of the goat is used for food. Its milk is often made into cheese ; and leather is made from its skin.

Young goats are called kids. They are very playful, but they never become so tame as lambs.

In a wild mountain two goats once met, on a ledge just over a precipice. The ledge was so narrow that there was neither room for them to pass each other nor to turn round and go back. A steep rock rose straight above them—a deep dark chasm lay below ! What do you think the two goats did ?

One of them quietly and carefully laid himself down on the narrow ledge, pressing as close to the rock as he could. Then the other goat gently and softly stepped over his companion, till, safe on the farther side, he could lightly bound away.

The goat that had lain down then drew himself up from his lowly position, safe and uninjured, free to spring again from rock to rock, and crop the sweet herbage on the hills !



A DIFFICULTY SURMOUNTED.

THE DEER.



IN many of our large and beautiful parks we see the graceful deer bounding lightly here and there, or grouped together under the wide-spreading trees. They are smaller than their relative the stag, which dwells on mountain tops, and are very timid, gentle creatures, though they not unfrequently fight among themselves. Their antlers or horns are also different from those of the stag, and their colour is of a pale yellowish red. They eat grass just like sheep and oxen, but they are also fond of some kinds of berries.

The flesh of the deer is esteemed a dainty dish: we call it venison. The skin of the male animal or buck and of the female or doe is much used for gloves, and is stronger and more durable than the skin of the kid. The handles

of our knives are very often made of the horns of the deer.

There is scarcely any animal so gentle and so pretty as the young deer or fawn, with its soft dark eyes turning towards the careful mother, whose movements it follows at the slightest alarm. The deer in Richmond Park are very tame, and will approach quite near to the pleasure parties who ramble about there during the fine days of summer; still, if the sudden cry or movement of a child should startle them, away run the whole herd, and hide under the shade of the brushwood till all is quiet again.

It is said that when there is a dispute among the deer they form themselves into two parties and fight, having the oldest of them as leaders.

They are very valuable animals, and are much prized by their owners. In the grounds belonging to Magdalen College, Oxford, there are some beautiful deer to be seen under the old trees. They are quite tame, and not at all disturbed by the sounds in the streets which run so near their retreat.

THE REINDEER.



LAPLAND is a very cold country to live in, and the Laplander would be badly off if it were not for the reindeer.

If he wants to go from one place to another, he can harness his reindeer to a sledge, and drive over the snow, as you see him doing in the picture. The reindeer whirls the sledge along at a great rate, and can go many miles without stopping.

And look how the Laplander is wrapped up, to keep him from the cold ! For all his warm clothes he has to thank the reindeer. His coat and his cap are made of the skin, that has all the thick soft hair left upon it. And besides his coat and his cap, his boots and his gloves are made of it as well. And at night,

though it freezes so sharply, he lies warm and snug. His bed and his blankets are both made of the deer-skin.

The horse could not live in Lapland through the winter. The cold would soon kill it. And it would have nothing to eat. There are no grassy meadows, or corn-fields, as there are in England.

I dare say you wonder how the reindeer gets a living. But God provides food for all the creatures he has made. And so the reindeer finds plenty to eat even in Lapland. A little plant grows all over the ground, and on the trunks of the trees. It is not pretty to look at, but God has placed it there for the reindeer to eat. It is called reindeer moss.

In the winter, when the snow covers the ground, the reindeer have to root about with their noses to find the moss. But if the hard ice covers the ground, then the reindeer cannot get at the moss. The Laplander has no other food for them, so he cuts down some of the trees, and lets the deer peel off the moss that grows upon them. But he is glad when the ice on the ground begins to thaw. If it



THE LAPLANDER IN HIS SLEDGE.

lasted a very long time, the reindeer would die of hunger.

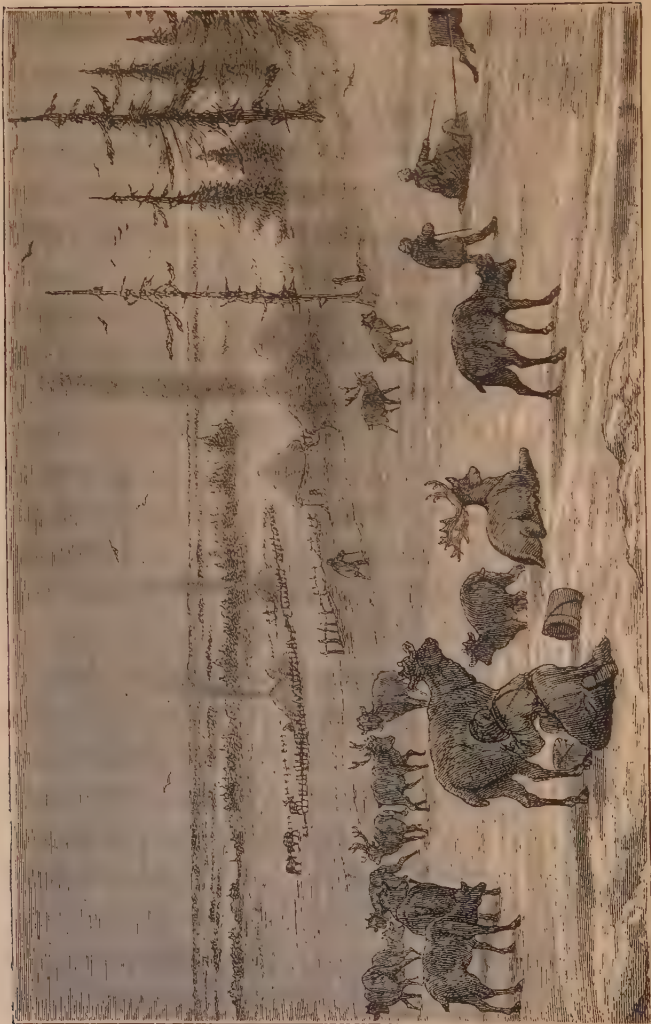
The Laplander is a rich man when he has a herd of reindeer. They are so hardy he need not have any stables or sheds to keep them in. He need only drive them to the mountains in summer, and bring them down to the plains in winter.

You will see that the reindeer is as good as a horse to the Laplander. And now I am going to tell you that it is of the same use to him as the cow is to us. The milk of the reindeer is very nice and sweet; and the herds are driven up every day to be milked.

When the reindeer are being milked the women have to light a fire, that the smoke may drive the gnats away, else the deer would not stand still.

There are a great many more gnats in Lapland than there are in England. They fill the air like a cloud of dust, and if you were to open your mouth it would be full of gnats in a minute!

The deer are very much afraid of the gnats, and would run anywhere to get away from



MILKING THE REINDEER.

them. They run up to the tops of the mountains, where it is too cold for the gnats to live. There is no food for them on the mountains; but they would rather go without food than be bitten by the gnats.

The Laplander does not want them to get thin and weak. He wants them to feed on the moss which is growing on the plains below. So he and his dogs go after them to drive them back again.

There is a great deal of noise and running about before the deer are made to come down. When they have been brought back, the Laplander and his dogs stay with them all day, to keep them in the place where their food is to be found.

He may well wish them to get fat. All the long winter, he and his wife and children live on the dried flesh of the reindeer.

The reindeer are killed as cows and sheep are with us. And the Laplander wants no other meat. The tongue is thought the best bit, and is often sent to England.

THE SHEEP.



DO you know what the soft white wool which covers the sheep is used for?

It is used to make cloth, and flannel, and many other things.

The frock that you wear in winter, papa's coat, our cloaks, our shawls, our warm blankets, and the carpets which cover our rooms, are all made of wool. Wool is also spun into *worsted*, to make warm stockings and many other things. How good God is, to make it grow on the gentle sheep, so that we can get it easily, and use it to keep us warm in the cold weather!

Do you know what the wool when it is cut off the back of the sheep is called?—It is called *the fleece*, and it is cut off once every year.

Are the sheep not very cold when their warm wool is taken from them?— No; it is cut off in summer, when the weather is warm, and it grows again before winter.

Besides using the wool of the sheep to make cloth, we also use its flesh as food, and its skin is made into leather. The flesh of the sheep is called mutton.

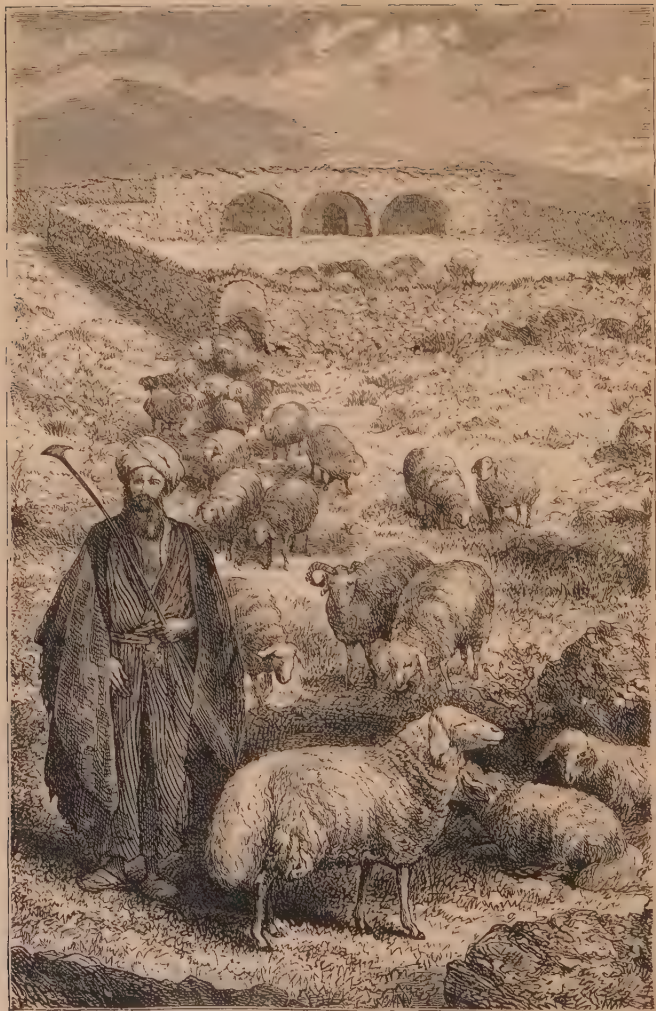
How pretty it is to see the sheep in the fields or on the hill-side! In spring you can see them with their little lambs jumping and frisking about full of fun and play.

In this country the sheep are allowed to be out in the fields all night, because there are no wild beasts to harm them. In countries where there are wild beasts, they are shut up in a place called a sheep-fold.

In this country the shepherd goes behind the flock, and by the help of a dog he drives the sheep before him. But it is not so in the lands of the Bible.

Here is a picture of an Eastern shepherd leading his flock to the fold.

You see that the shepherd goes before the sheep; and we are told that they know the



EASTERN SHEPHERD AND FLOCK.

shepherd's voice. He calls them, and they follow him.

Do you remember that when the angel came to tell that Christ was born in Bethlehem, it is said, "There were shepherds abiding in the fields by night"? This is very often the case in the East. The shepherds have to remain all night in the fields, to watch their flocks—to protect them from robbers and wild beasts.

THE PET LAMB.

MARY had a little lamb,
Its fleece was white as snow;
And everywhere that Mary went
The lamb was sure to go.

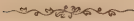
He followed her to school one day—
That was against the rule;
It made the children laugh and play,
To see a lamb at school.

So the teacher turned him out;
But still he lingered near,
And waited patiently about,
Till Mary did appear.

Then he ran to her, and laid
His head upon her arm,
As if he said, I'm not afraid—
You'll keep me from all harm.

“What makes the lamb love Mary so?”
The eager children cry :
“Oh, Mary loves the lamb, you know,”
The teacher did reply.

THE PIG.



THE pig has not, certainly, got very pleasant habits: he loves to wallow in some damp and dirty ditch, and is not at all particular about his food unless well looked after. The colour of the pig is sometimes black and sometimes piebald, but more usually a dirty white.

The old Jewish law forbade the use of pigs as an article of food; and it was thought such a very disgraceful thing to keep them that only slaves were employed in feeding and looking after them.

When England was a very different place from what it is now, and there were more woods and forests than streets and houses, the pig in its wild state—which is called a *boar*—was hunted by dogs. It was very fierce, and

would often turn upon and kill its pursuers, attacking them with its cruelly sharp tusks. There are none of these savage creatures in our country now as in the days when a boar's head was the chief dish at the Christmas time.

Though we cannot say that the tame pig has any claim to beauty, it looks its best in some nicely-kept sty in a farm-yard; and the tiny pigs which run about among the grass not far from their mother's side are attractive to the eyes of most little people.

I have never heard of a pig that would follow when it was called. From the days of the old woman of the nursery story, whose pig would *not* go over the stile, to the present time, when we see the little country swine-herd trying to keep the obstinate animals from following each its own way, they seem incapable of the obedience which would perhaps make them into pets. The grunting, snoring noise which a pig makes when it is happy and contented, is changed into a very loud and pitiful squealing when it is frightened or caught.

There is a small country town in Hertfordshire where there exists the custom of eating roast pork for dinner on the first Sunday in September; it is a sad time for the pigs of that neighbourhood! Sucking-pig is a very favourite dish with many people. The poor mother must be unhappy when her little ones are taken from her so young.

THE MASTIFF.



THE mastiff guards his master's house. If a beggar venture near, the mastiff will jump up and look very fierce. He will growl and bark ; and, if he is chained, he will pull at his chain and try to get loose. He thinks the beggar has no right to be there, and that it is his duty to drive him away. The beggar will hardly dare to go near the dog. He would lay hold of his leg, and perhaps bite it.

A good dog knows his master's friends, and never barks at them. Instead of that, he wags his tail and seems to say that he is glad to see them.

When thieves are going to break into a house, they take care to find out if there is a good dog about the place. They know the

dog is faithful to his master, and will bark and waken him.

Sometimes the dog seems to know when the thieves are coming. I will tell you a story of a dog saving his master from being robbed.

This dog was a mastiff, and lived in a kennel in the yard. One night he would go into the house, and went after his master upstairs to his room. His master was going to bed, and did not want him there. He drove him out, and wanted to make him go back to his kennel. But every time the dog was driven out, he came back again. He lay on the mat outside the door, and kept on whining and begging to be let in. His master got tired of the noise, and as he wanted to go to sleep he let the dog in. The dog was very pleased, and wagged his tail, and lay down under the bed.

And now you will see the reason the dog had for wanting to come in. In the middle of the night the door of the room was quietly opened, and a man stole across the carpet. He had not time to take more than a few steps. The

dog sprang from under the bed, and laid fast hold of him ! It was a thief come to steal. But the dog's master was roused by the noise, and rang his bell. Very soon all the people in the house came running to see what was the matter. Then the thief was taken up, and sent off to jail.

The mastiff cannot swim, and if he falls into the water he is very likely to get drowned. Once upon a time a mastiff lived near the sea. As he went after his master on the pier, he met a Newfoundland dog named Ponto. The mastiff is fond of fighting, and he began to quarrel with Ponto. Every day the two dogs used to meet each other on the pier, and every day they used to fight. But one day, while they were fighting, they got too near the edge of the pier. All at once they both fell over into the sea. Ponto could swim, and soon got to land and was on the pier again. As he stood shaking the water out of his coat, he caught sight of the mastiff. The poor mastiff was very badly off. He could not swim, and was just going to the bottom. But Ponto was very sorrow for him. He forgot his

quarrel, and jumped into the sea. He took hold of the mastiff by his collar, and held his head above water till he got him safe to land. You will be glad to hear that the two dogs did not quarrel any more. They were good friends all the rest of their lives.

The mastiff is an English dog, and very brave indeed. In olden times people were fond of cruel sports. They liked to see dogs fight with the lion. Three mastiffs were a match for a lion, and could drive him back into his cage. It is a happy thing that people are able to read, and know better in these days. Such sports are done away with, and the mastiff now lies in his kennel and guards his master's house.

THE DOG OF ST. BERNARD.



ST. BERNARD is the name of one of the high mountains of the Alps.

The deep snow hangs so loosely on the sides of these mountains, that great masses often fall into the plains below, with a noise like thunder.

Wild snow-storms also come on, and the passes on the mountains become so blocked up and covered over, that it is impossible to find them out.

In this way many travellers have perished, and been buried in a deep snowy grave.

Far far up the mountain there is a building called the Convent of St. Bernard.

Here is found that wonderful race of dogs

called the Dogs of St. Bernard, famous all over the world for their noble deeds.

These dogs are trained to go out on the mountains among the snow, and search for missing travellers.

Suppose you are taking a journey across the Alps.

A terrible snow-storm comes on. Night is drawing near, while you are weary with your journey, and perishing with cold and hunger.

Your whole body begins to feel numb, and soon you will be unable to go any further.

You think of home and kind friends there, and you kneel down to pray that you may not be left to perish in the snow.

At the very moment you are about to give up in despair, you hear the deep bark of a dog, coming nearer and nearer amid the darkness and the snow-drift !

It is the sweetest sound you ever heard in your life.

How thankful you are when you see two noble-looking dogs coming toward you, one with a flask of spirits tied to his neck, and



DOGS OF ST. BERNARD.

the other carrying a cloak to wrap around you !

How eagerly you untie the flask and drink, and how gratefully you cover yourself with the cloak !

The dogs look on, and seem to understand all. They hasten back to fetch the monks, who soon come to the spot.

You are carried to the convent, and there rubbed and warmed, till at last you revive and know that you are saved.

Such is the work the monks of St. Bernard and their famous dogs have often had to do.

One dog saved the lives of twenty-two persons, who, but for his help, must have perished.

For many years this dog wore a medal round his neck, which was given him in honour of his deeds !

The following story tells how this noble creature at last met his death :—

At the foot of the mountain there is a little village. Here dwelt a poor courier, who used to carry letters and messages across the mountain.

This was the way he procured bread for his wife and children.

On one occasion, when on his way back to his home, a terrible storm came on.

With great difficulty he made his way to the convent.

The monks did all they could to persuade him to remain till the storm had passed away.

But the poor man knew how anxious his family would be. He was sure that they would be out on the mountain in search of him ;—and so they really were.

He felt that he must proceed, and the monks spoke to him in vain.

All they could do was to furnish him with two guides, attended by two dogs.

One of these dogs was the noble animal that wore the medal.

But the poor courier and his family never met again.

On his way down the mountain with the guides and the dogs, a great mass of frozen snow fell upon them, and courier, guides, and dogs were all buried beneath it.

THE LOST CHILD.

AN interesting and affecting story is told of two of these brave dogs having once saved the life of a little boy, who had lost his way on the mountain.

I.

It was a clear, cold winter night,
The heavens all brightly starred,
Where on Mount Bernard's snowy height
The good monks kept their guard.

And round their hearth that night they told,
To one who shelter craved,
How the brave dog he thought so old
Full forty lives had saved ;

When suddenly, with kindling eye,
Up sprang the old dog there,
As from afar a child's shrill cry
Rung through the frosty air.

In haste the monks unbarred the door,
Rugs round the mastiffs threw ;
And as they bounded forth once more,
Called, " Blessings be with you ! "

II.

They hurried headlong down the hill,
Past many a snow-wreath wild,
Until the older guide stood still
Beside a sleeping child.

He licked the little icy hand,
With his rough, kindly tongue ;
With his warm breath he gently fanned
The tresses fair and long.

The child looked up with eyes of blue,
As if the whole he guessed ;
His arms around the dog he threw,
And sunk again to rest.

Once more he woke, and wrapped him fast
In the warm covering sent :
The dogs then with their charge, at last,
Up the steep mountain went.

III.

The fire glowed bright with heaped-up logs,
Each monk brought forth a light ;
“ Good dogs ! ” they cried, “ good dogs, good dogs !
Whom bring you here to-night ? ”

In with a joyous bound they come—
The boy awoke and smiled :
“ Ah me ! ” the stranger cried, “ some home
Mourneth for thee, fair child ! ”

With morning light, the monks and boy
Sought where the village lay—
I dare not try to paint the joy
Their coming gave that day.

“ If sweet,” the brethren said, “ to see
Such gladness shed around,
What wondrous joy in heaven must be
When a lost child is found ! ”

THE SHEPHERD'S DOG.



SOMETIMES the sheep get a great way from the shepherd, for they wander on, nibbling the grass. He could never make them come back if he were by himself. But there is his friend the dog. No matter how far the sheep have gone, he has only to say, "Fetch them up, Rover."

Rover knows how to set about it. He runs barking round the sheep, and soon drives them into a flock. Then he brings them to his master, and looks up to him, and wags his tail as if he wanted a word of praise.

No one has taught the shepherd's dog to take care of the sheep. He began to do it of his own accord, and as soon as he was old enough.



THE SHEPHERD'S DOG.

A farmer once had a dog whose name was Spot, and a very clever dog he was. When Spot came in from the field, he would lie down by the kitchen fire and go to sleep. His master's cap hung on a peg by the wall. If Spot awoke, he would look to see if the cap was there. If it was, he would coil himself up, and go to sleep again. But if the cap was not there, he knew that his master was gone out. Then Spot would jump up in a great hurry, and scamper after him up the field. He seemed to know that he might be wanted.

The sheep are poor helpless things, and cannot defend themselves from danger.

The fox is very fond of stealing the young lambs. But the dog is always on the watch, and will not let him, if he can help it.

And in some countries there is the wolf. At night, when it is dark, the wolf prowls round the fold. The sheep and the lambs are asleep, and little know who is so near them. But if the dog takes a nap, his eyes and ears seem to be open. The least sound makes him start up. Then he sees the fierce eyes of the

wolf gleaming in the dark. He gives an angry growl, and if the wolf does not run away, it is often the worse for him. The brave dog will fly at his throat, and hold him till the shepherd comes with his cudgel or his gun.

The shepherd's dog is very faithful to his master, and will not let any harm happen to him, if he can prevent it. I will tell you a little story about a shepherd's dog.

His master was walking home from market late one night. It was winter, and the snow lay thick upon the ground, and the frost was very severe. The poor man lost his way, and kept getting further and further from home. At last he was so tired, and he felt so sleepy, that he could not go on any longer. He fell down in the snow, and lay quite helpless, and stiff with cold.

No one was going that way, and he would have to lie there all night. But his good faithful dog had been at his heels, and was the only friend he had. The dog did not forsake him. He scratched away the snow that had fallen on his master, and then rolled himself round, and lay upon his breast. It was the

best thing the dog could do. The warmth of his body kept his poor master from being frozen to death.

He lay there all night. But the next morning a man came by with a gun in his hand. He was out shooting. Then the dog jumped up and ran to him, and made signs as if he were asking him to come and help his master. The poor man was found lying on his bed of snow, and I need only tell you that his life was saved.

When he got well, he had a silver collar made for the dog to wear. And he never forgot that, under God, he owed his life to his four-footed friend.

THE LAP-DOG.



BY the term “lap-dog” we mean all the tiny creatures that are the pets of ladies and children, more ornamental than useful. There are the clever little toy-terriers, the delicate Italian greyhounds, the poodles of different descriptions, the small-size pugs which cost such large sums of money; the King Charles dogs, also, which are now becoming so very rare.

The toy-terriers are perhaps the most shrewd and sharp of drawing-room pets; they will often carry gloves, letters, and other small articles, and they have many amusing tricks.

The poodles will beg wonderfully well, walk round a room on their hind legs, dance a little, and jump over a hoop or the extended arms of their friends.

The pugs, I think, can do little but sleep, and snore, and eat; and the more ugly they are, so much more is their value!

The ways of little pet dogs are most amusing to watch. A small Maltese terrier not only singled out the friends of his owners as worthy of his special notice, but he seemed also to know if they had done anything which was not approved; in which case he would turn away his head and "cut" their acquaintance as cleverly as any human being could manage it. He seemed to have some knowledge, also, of our system of conversation; for even if his mistress said in a whisper that she was going out, "Charlie" kept close to her side, inviting her at frequent intervals to the room where her walking-dress would be found. He objected greatly to take his meals when any eye was upon him, and waited after his plate of dinner had been put down until every one seemed to have forgotten him; at which moment he would quietly clear it off and return to his place, as if he had eaten nothing nor thought of doing so.

Another very small terrier, of the Scotch

breed, was particularly fond of the smell of roast mutton and of the savoury odour of fried sausages. When either of these dishes was being prepared, "Rough" would sit at the top of the kitchen stairs "sniffing," after the fashion of the hungry little street boys who hang about the eating-houses and cook-shops. At no other time was he ever known to absent himself from the ladies of the family

"Gyp" was another of the lap-dog kind, who, though past his puppy days, was full of mischievous pranks. He would bring up the cook's dusters from the kitchen to the drawing-room, steal the veils of lady visitors, pick pockets of handkerchiefs, and other such things;—all very amusing, yet now and then rather troublesome to those who owned him.

Certainly all these small dogs are very faithful and affectionate; and many human beings are very glad to have the love even of a little dumb creature, who, if he cannot speak words of kindness and comfort, can show his feelings in his own fashion. At the Home for Lost Dogs, which some kind-hearted people have started in London, they say that many of the

pet animals which are brought there pine away and die, simply because they have been separated from some much-loved master or mistress. There are many stories of the fond fidelity of little dogs which are so touching that they bring tears to the eyes of all whose hearts are tender. They make quite as good guards to a house as their larger relatives ; for if they can do little in the way of defence, they are roused by the least noise, and will bark violently at the sound of a stranger's step in the night.

THE CAT.



CREEPING stealthily along some garden wall in the hope of a sudden spring upon a poor little sparrow, the cat reminds us somewhat of the cruel tiger; but as she lies basking before the fire, or laps up her milk from a saucer in the kitchen, we think her a very gentle creature, and make her a great pet.

There are so many stories about cats that it is difficult to choose from out of them those which you will like best.

A pretty tabby kitten was one day seen sitting on a door-step, where some unkind person had left it; and being taken into the house, it became the pet of a little girl who lived there. She called it "Dolly Doodles," which was a strange name, certainly; but the kitten learned

to answer to it, and ran at the first sound. But the gentleman of the house owned some large ships which sailed to Australia and back; and when Dolly was a year old she was sent on a voyage on purpose to catch the mice and rats, which are so very destructive in ships. Her little mistress grieved sadly to part with her favourite; but the sailor-boy who fetched the kitten from the house promised to bring it safely back to England again.

Long months passed by. It was more than a year since Dolly Doodles sailed away, when there came a knock at the door of her old house, and when it was opened a sailor-boy was seen.

“I’ve brought little missie her cat,” he said; but when he opened a bag and let out a thin, hungry-looking animal, no one could believe it was indeed the sleek, plump kitten of a year before. Dolly, however, seemed to remember the kitchen where she had once been so happy; for she lay down before the fire with a contented air, and soon lapped up some milk. Then the sailor told how cleverly she had caught the rats, and would carry them and lay



STEALING THE MILK.

them down at the feet of the captain of the ship, as if she had done a very praiseworthy action. But the strange thing was, and the sailor declared it true, that instead of satisfying her own hunger with the mice she found on the homeward voyage, Dolly used to take one first of all to another cat, which could not hunt for herself because she was lying in a basket guarding her family of tiny kittens. You may be quite sure that this nice cat was never sent away again, and she stayed with the family to the very end of her fifteen years' life, by which time she was nearly blind.

If I had space I could tell you many more stories which prove that cats are not the senseless animals some people think them; they often show a cleverness and an affection nearly equal to those of the dog. The French and Maltese cats are particularly sensible; but they are rather troublesome pets to possess, for their large size and long beautiful fur attract the eyes of men and boys who are on the watch to steal them. There is a beautiful black cat of the Angora breed which lives at a nobleman's house in London. Its name is "Boots;" and

it has made friends with a common stray cat, which comes regularly to one of the windows every morning for a few bits of meat, which the well-to-do animal carries out in its mouth without fail. The stranger is called by the family "Boots's poor relation."

I must tell you that Boots is somewhat given to stealing, helping himself to milk by dipping his paw into the jug when left conveniently within reach, or tasting gravy after the same fashion. This proves that cats are not very honest by nature, however well fed; and I know that many of them enjoy what they *take* far better than what is *given*.

THE RABBIT.



THE rabbit is of the same family as the hare, but it is much smaller. The tame ones, which little people are so fond of keeping in hutches and feeding with lettuce and other kinds of green food, are of various colours—white, gray, and speckled; but the rabbits which run wild out-of-doors are nearly always of a brownish hue. They make deep holes for their dwelling-places in sandy hillocks, and these are called burrows; many burrows together form what we term a warren. In common with almost every other animal, the rabbit is exceedingly devoted to its young ones, and will protect them with a very wonderful degree of courage.

The lop-eared rabbits are perhaps the fav-

ourites among the tame species: their ears, instead of rising from the head, fall somewhat to the side, and look as if they had been folded and pressed down. The Angora rabbits with long silky hair are very much admired. In colour they are chiefly white, or a mixture of black and white and gray and white.

It is better to let rabbits run about in a yard than to keep them always confined to their hutch; this freedom will make them more lively, and it is very amusing to watch their games with each other; and they will become very familiar with whoever is in the habit of giving them food.

THE GUINEA-PIG.



THE guinea-pig was brought to us from South America ; but it has been reared in England for such a very long time that we reckon it among the number of our domestic animals.

You perhaps have seen the Italian boys who carry a cage holding a guinea-pig or two, for the purpose of gaining pence by showing them to children : they will be very pleased with a bit of parsley to eat, but they will not take any notice if you stroke and pet them.

When the guinea-pig is living in a wild state, it eats only roots and vegetables and grass ; as a tame pet, it will not refuse fruit, bread, and many other things.

Guinea-pigs feel the cold weather very much indeed, and might die if not well taken care of,

because their natural home is in a very hot country. They like to be kept clean; and if you watch their habits, you will see that they try to smooth their fur constantly. Guinea-pigs would not know how to defend themselves against other animals—they have no strength or courage for that—so they are well fitted to be made into pets and protected from whatever could harm them.

No animal has teeth so soon as the guinea-pig, therefore the little ones are very quickly able to feed themselves. In their wild state they come out of their hiding-places at night in search of food; and even as pets in our homes they prefer sleep in the day in the sunshine or near the warm fire, and are more inclined for a little exercise as evening approaches.

Guinea-pigs cost very little to purchase, and this is why children so often possess them. When they are carefully fed and well cared for they live a long time.

THE SQUIRREL.



THIS pretty, active little creature, is quite a household pet with us, and a very merry playfellow for children, when it has been tamed

A squirrel was once badly hurt by some cruel boys, who pelted it as it sprang from branch to branch of a high tree, and presently it fell helplessly to the ground. By that time, however, a gentleman had reached the spot, who, having seen what was done, took the poor, frightened, trembling creature to his home, that he might try to cure it. Its little broken leg was bandaged up, it was fed and kept warm by the fire, and the squirrel seemed to understand that it had fallen into good hands ; so it grew quite tame and happy

during the long winter months, and never pined at all for its woodland home. Perhaps it is alive now, for all I know ; but I can certainly tell you that "Quiz" had not deserted its owners when last I heard of it ; and even in the summer-time, when it was set free in the garden, it always made its appearance at the window as evening came on, so that it might take its rest in the cage which was its home.

Of course you know that the squirrel is very fond of nuts, and that when it is living in the woods it saves up a store of them to serve as food in the cold winter-time. For a store-house it chooses the hollow of some tree, though some kinds of squirrels have been known to make a hiding-place for their provisions by forming cells on the ground, in a very clever fashion, and arranged with wonderful order. Have you ever seen a squirrel eating an acorn or a nut ? He does it in a very dainty fashion ; biting through the shell, peeling off the brown skin, and so reaching the kernel, which he enjoys very much, as he sits upright with his bushy tail curled above him.

In a book which was written by an Ameri-

can lady a good many years ago, there is a description of a little girl called Fleda, who goes nutting with two young gentlemen. One of these came suddenly on a poor squirrel's hoard of nuts, and would have secured it had not Fleda begged him to leave it untouched. When she was grown to womanhood and had thought over her childish days, she wrote this pretty poem about the squirrel:—

Merrily sang the crickets forth
One fair October night;
And the stars looked down, and the Northern crown
Gave its strange fantastic light.

A nipping frost was in the air,
On flowers and grass it fell;
And the leaves were still on the eastern hill,
As if touched by a fairy spell.

To the very top of the tall nut-trees
The frost-king seemed to ride;
With his wand he stirs the chestnut burs,
And straight they are opened wide.

And squirrels and children together dream
Of the coming winter's hoard;
And many, I ween, are the chestnuts seen,
In hole or in garret stored.

The children are sleeping in feather-beds,
Poor Bun in his mossy nest;
He courts repose with his tail on his nose,
On the others warm blankets rest.

Late in the morning the sun gets up
From behind the village spire;

And the children dream that the first red gleam
Is the chestnut-tree on fire.

The squirrel had on when he first awoke
All the clothing he could command ;
And his breakfast was light he just took a bite
Of an acorn that lay at hand.

And then he was off to the trees to work,
While the children some time it takes
To dress, and to eat what they think meet
Of coffee and buckwheat cakes.

The sparkling frost when they first go out
Lies thick upon all around
And earth and grass, as they onward pass,
Give a pleasant crackling sound.

" O there is a heap of chestnuts, see !"
Cried the youngest of the train ;
For they came to a stone where the squirrel had thrown
What he meant to pick up again.

And two bright eyes from the tree o'erhead
Looked down at the open bag
Where the nuts went in—and so to begin,
Almost made his courage flag.

Away on the hill outside the woods
Three giant trees there stand ;
And the chestnuts bright that hang in sight
Are eyed by the youthful band.

And one of their number climbs the tree,
And passes from bough to bough ;
And the children run—for with pelting fun
The nuts fall thickly now.

Some of the burs are still shut tight,
Some open with chestnuts three ;
And some nuts fall with no burs at all,
Smooth, shiny as nuts can be.

Oh who can tell what fun it was
To see the prickly shower ;
To feel what a whack on head or back
Was within a chestnut's power !

To run beneath the shaking tree,
And then to scamper away ;
And with laughing shout to dance about
The grass where the chestnuts lay,

With flowing tresses and blowing hair,
And eyes that no shadow knew,
Like the growing light of a morning bright,
The dawn of a summer blue !

The work was ended, the trees were stripped,
The children were tired of play ;
And they forgot, though the squirrel did not,
The wrong they had done that day.

THE END





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